

Misery is Virtues Whet-stone.

Reliquiæ Gethinianæ,

Or, Some

REMAINS

OF THE

Most Ingenious and Excellent LADY,

GRACE Lady *GETHIN*,

Lately Deceased.

Being a Collection of Choice *Discourses*, Pleasant *Apothegms*, and Witty *Sentences*.

Written by Her for the most part, by way of Essay, and at Spare Hours.
Published by Her nearest Relations to preserve her Memory, and
Digested for Method's sake under proper Heads.

Prov. xxxi. 31.

Let Her own Works Praise her in the Gate.

The 2^d EDITION.

Unto which is added

A Funeral S E R M O N.

WITH THE

INSCRIPTION on Her MONUMENT.

Printed by D. Edwards in Fetter-Lane. 1700.

Th.
40 B. 5.

REMAINS

GRACE

A Funeral Sermon

WITH THE
DESCRIPTION OF HER MARRIAGE

Printed by D. Colver in 1790.

To the much Honoured,

Sir GEORGE NORTON
of *Abbots-Leigh* in the County of *Somerſet*,
Baronet.

SIR,

THE known Loyalty of your Family, and that moſt Eminent and memorable Inſtance of it, the Protecting the ſacred Perſon of our late moſt Gracious Sovereign, King Charles the Second, in his moſt happy Diſguiſe in your Houſe near Briſtol, when being hunted as a Partridge upon the Mountains, he took Shelter under the Shadow of your Roof, and from thence eſcap'd, by a miraculous Providence from the many Snares that were laid for him, by his bloody Enemies; This alone will eternalize your Name, and render you deſervedly Famous to Poſterity, and will alſo bear a large and a glorious part in the Hiſtory of thoſe Times, and of
A the

Epistle Dedicatory..

the Restoration of that Illustrious Monarch.

But there is also another Monument to preserve the Name and Honour of your Family, which at the Request and Desire of your most virtuous and Religious Lady, is here presented to your view, and dedicated unto you.

It is indeed but an imperfect Collection, some scatter'd and incoherent Fragments, the Gleanings (as I may call them) and REMAINS of a most excellent Person, your own Off-spring and Issue; and therefore, you, Sir, have the best Right and Title to this Product of her overflowing Wit and Fancy, and at the same time (which very rarely meets in one Person) most Profound and solid Judgment; which may serve as some faint Idea to shew us, of what an Inestimable Treasure the World has been unhappily deprived by the Premature Death of this admirable Young Lady your Daughter.

But as imperfect as it is, yet from this light Tact, this short and transient view of what she did but at her spare Hours, as her page only;
and

Epistle Dedicatory.

and by the by, it is easy to see what transcendent Strength of Reason and Engagement she was Mistress of, though at very young and tender years; what an excellent Example and Pattern of Virtue the World might have been bless'd withal, to help and reform it in this degenerate and worst Ages; and what admirable maxims of Prudence and Piety she would have been capable of giving for the Conduct of Human Life: All which, coming from so fine an hand, would have been read and admired (when most others would have been despis'd) by the most celebrated Wits and Criticks of the Age, and could not have chosen but have had a mighty Influence upon them. It will, I doubt not, be look'd upon as an inestimable Treasure by all her Friends; and as even the Filings of Gold are precious, and carefully preserved, so will those GOLDEN REMAINS of this most Excellent Lady, be carefully laid up and valued as they deserve, by all that knew her; and especially Sir, by you her Father, and by her most affectionate and afflicted

ed.

Epistle Dedicatory.

ed Mother, as the best Reliques of a Person so very deservedly dear to you Both; and who can never die so long as this Monument of her Virtue, Wit, and Ingenuity shall continue, which I prophecy, shall out-live the Marble Monuments; which you her dear Parents, in Testimony of your most tender and affectionate Remembrance of Her, have with great Cost and Care erected to her Memory in Westminster-Abby, She being the last of your Surviving Issue.

That your Lady and your self, may in this your unspeakable Loss and Affliction, be mutual Comfort to, and always happy in each other; That you may be bless'd together with long Prosperity here on Earth, and enjoy everlasting Happiness and Felicity hereafter, is the hearty Desire and Prayer of

Sir,

Your most faithful

April 4. 1699.

and humble Servant

J. M.

A

A P O E M

By the AUTHOR at a Eleven years Old.

Poor, Dull Mortals, who only seek to know
The false Draught, called, Happiness below;
When this is only thus to let us see,
If this be termed happy, what must Heaven be?
For do we not account it a great grace,
When often we behold our Princes Face,
And when Commands their Pleasure is to lay,
We as an Honour, readily Obey;
Much more Ambitious then ought we to be
To serve a God, so Just, Great, Good as he,
Who as to Ransom his blest Son has sent,
That he our Fatal ruin might prevent;
And lest his Just Commands might e're seem hard,
A Crown Immortal promised a Reward,
Rewarded by our Saviour's Glorious Merits,
By Faith, Love, and Obedience, we Inherit.

A P O E M

In Praise of the AUTHOR.

I That hate Books (such as come daily out
By Publick Licence to the Reading Rout)
A Due Religion yet observe to this,
And here assert if any thing's amiss,
It can be only the Compiler's Fault,
Who has ill drest the Charming Author's Thought,
That was all Right, Her Beauteous Looks were join'd
To a no less admir'd Excelling Mind,
But oh! This Glory of Frail nature's dead,
As I shall be that Write, and you that Read,
Once to be out of Fashion, I'll conclude
With something that may tend to Publick Good,
I wish that Piety, for which in Heav'n
The Fair is Plac't, to the Lawn-Sleeves were giv'n,
Her Justice to the Gnot of Men whose Care
From the Rais'd Millions is to take their Share.

W. C.

A Necessary

PREMONITION TO THE READER.

THese few scatter'd *Remains*, of that Incomparable and most Excellent Lady, the Lady *Grace Gethin*, Daughter of Sir *George Norton* of *Abbots-Leigh* in the County of *Somerset*, Knight, and Wife of Sir *Richard Gethin* of *Gethin Gros* in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, Barronet, having been fortunately found and preserved, 'twas judg'd to be great pity that so rich a Treasure of Wit and Ingenuity, should be laid aside and buried in Oblivion.

I know it is a vast Disadvantage, and therefore a great Injury, even to most exact and celebrated Authors, to publish their private undigested Thoughts and first Notions hastily set down, without Method or Order, and designed only as Material or a Foundation for a future structure to be built thereon, which is Generally the Case of posthumous Works, set forth without the Authors last hand, who therefore seldom gain any Credit by them, but on the contrary, if great allowances upon these accounts, be not candidly made, do lose a great part of that Esteem and Reputation, which formerly they had justly acquired.

That therefore this Monument, which is intended to perpetuate the Memory, and illustrate the Fame, of this

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To the R E A D E R.

Excellent Person, may neither in the whole be any real prejudice thereto, nor in any of the parts thereof come short of that great and just Expectation, which the World had of Her while she was alive, and still has of every thing, that is the Genuine product and Issue of Her Pen. I think my self in Justice obliged to give some account of what is here set forth, and thereby exposed to publick Censure.

As rst, That it was written for the most part in hast, were her first Conceptions; and overflowing of her Luxuriant Fancy, noted with her Pencil at spare Hours, or as she was Dressing, as her ~~raisons~~ only; and set down just as they came into her Mind, as never designed for any others View but her own.

If any thing herein seems light or Trivial, or not so proper to come from a Ladies Pen of such severe Virtue and Piety as she was, it is to be remembred, that these were the Early Flights of Youthful Fancy (being scarce 20 when she died) being writ some years before, and the first and free Productions of her most private and unrestrained Thoughts, and which she was Religiously careful, should come to no others view; But there is in them such strength of Wit, such handsom Raillery, such Essay, and Natural Eloquence, that it was not thought fit wholly to stifle and suppress them, and deprive the World of so Great a Treasure. And there is the less Concern in this Matter, because they are not designed for every ones publick View, a few Copies being only intended to be Printed, enough to preserve her Memory, and for the private use of some persons who were either personally acquainted with her, Admirers of her Wit and Virtue, or particularly known to those that were; and so it is not doubted but they will make candid Interpretation of all.

THE

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~~ledgment; they neglect all petty Cares~~

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R E M A I N S
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OF THE

Most Accomplish'd and Excellent *Lady*,

The *Lady GRACE GETHIN*

Friendship is very much interest-
~~ed~~ **Digested under their Proper HEADS**

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Friendship without Tenderness

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Friend- B sure,

sure and receive them without Acknowledgment; they neglect all petty Cares, the misfortunes of those they Love touch 'em not; Generosity and Ostentation has as much part in all they Act as Friendship; their Love is so lukewarm, that the least Contest is ready to infringe their Friendship: They Love as if they lov'd not, and their Friendship is very much interested, and buile upon Self-love. We see every day these ordinary Friends without Tenderness forsake those to whom they have promised Love, as soon as Fortune frowns on 'em. There are some that cannot bear the long sickness of Friends, and care little for seeing 'em when they are no longer in a Condition to Direct them. But they are not truly Friends that have not a tender Heart; for 'tis That only that makes the sweetness of Friend-

Friendship. Tenderness has yet something more particular; it has I know not what Air of Gallantry that renders it yet more Diverting! It Inspires Civility in those that are capable of it, and there is as much Difference between an ordinary and a tender Friend, as between a tender Friend and a Lover.

The better to define Tenderness, it's a certain Sensibility of Heart; inseparable from noble Souls, virtuous Inclinations, and solid Minds; which makes them, when they have Friendship, have it sincerely and ardently; and have a lively Sense of the Grievs and Joys of those they Love. 'Tis this Tenderness obliges them to love better to be with their unhappy Friend, than to be in any place of the greatest Diversion; It makes them excuse their Faults and Defects; It makes them do great Ser-

vices with Joy, and not neglect the least
 Cares; It renders particular Converse
 more sweet than general; It ap-
 peases any Disorder which may happen
 among Friends, it unites their Hearts,
 and all their Desires: In a word, it com-
 prehends all the sweetness of Friend-
 ship, it gives the greatest Delight, and
 favours nothing of the irregularity of
 Love, but resembles it in many things
 else. Those of a stupid common Friend-
 ship take care only to keep the fairest
 Letters of their Friends; but those of a
 tender Friendship keep with pleasure
 their least Notes: they harken to an
 obliging word with Joy, and by an un-
 expressible Charm, those of a truly ten-
 der Heart find no trouble to visit those
 for whom they have a Friendship, tho'
 they be sick and Melancholy.

Friendship is the Allay of Sorrow,
 only that it is the sweetness the

the ease of our Passion, the Discharge of our Opression, the Sanctuary to our Calamities, the Councillor of our Doubts, the Clarity of our Minds, the Remission of our Thoughts, and the Improvement of whatever we meditate. Virtue, Learning and Abilities may be despised; only Friendship is known to be so useful and profitable that none can despise it.

He that doth a base thing in Zeal to his Friend, burns the Golden thread that ties their Hearts together. The greatest Bond and Demonstration of Real Friendship, is to chuse to have his Friend advanced in Honour, in Reputation, in the Opinion of Wit or Learning before himself. Certainly, Friendship is the greatest Bond in the World, which is the Marriage of Souls: It hath no other Measures but its own, being it self as great as can be express'd, Beyond
Death.

Of Friendship.

Death it cannot go, to Death it may;
Friendship being the greatest Bravery
and Ingenuity in the World; He is to
be chosen ~~my~~ my Friend who is most
Worthy and most Excellent in himself;
not he that can do most good to me.
Chuse to your Friend him that is wise,
good, secret, ingenious and honest;
all which are the very food of Friend-
ship. He is only fit to be my Friend
that can give me Counsel, or defend my
Cause, or guide me Right, or relieve my
Needs, or can and will, when I need it,
do me Good, Comfort me in my Sor-
rows, be pleasant to me in private, and
useful in publick; that makes my Joy
double, and divides my Grief between
himself and me: Thus is Friendship the
best thing in the World, and were it
not for Pleasure and Profit, there were
no need of Friends.

Never

Of *Friendship*.

Never accuse your *Friend*, nor believe him that doth. He that is angry for every slight *Fault*, breaks the Bonds of *Friendship*. He may be weak, and thou may'st need pardon as well as he; for thou doest not Contract with an Angel when thou tak'st a *Friend* into thy Bosom; to whom give Counsel wisely and charitably in all that is prudent, useful and necessary; but leave him to his Liberty without Anger if thy Counsel be rejected, for Advice is no Empire. Love to be with him; Treat him Nobly; Do to him all that is worthy of Love; Bear with his Infirmities; Give him Gifts and upbraid him not: Admonish your *Friend* without Bitterness or Reproach, praise him with worthy purposes, just Causes, and friendly Endearments; for he is not my *Friend* who will be my Judge whether I will or no,
Never

Of Friendship.

Never be a *Judge* between two *Friends* in a matter where both set their heart upon the Victory; For where *Friends* are the *Parties*, thou lovest one, which of 'em soever get the day. When my *Friend* is dead, I will mourn for him, perform his will, and do for him as if he were alive.

Those that have a rational and tender *Friendship* will not only be secret in what they are desired, but will also be silent in some things they are told, tho' the Party do not desire it: But one ought in Generosity to have a kind of Charitable discretion for those that are not wise enough in their own Concerns.

Friendship is never destroy'd by *Friendship*; 'tis something that is stronger than it self must force it out of the heart 'tis once possess'd of; 'tis only

Love

Of Friendship.

Love can do that; for when all is done one may make new Friends without injury to the Old: There are Friendships on the account fo Love; such as are in Love will Endeavour to make Friendships, whether their Friends like 'em or not like 'em. A love mixt with Friendship is the most lasting and is the Mistress of all the Qualifications requisite in a true and Generous Friend; and 'tis very possible, in my Judgment, for Love to become Friendship, and Friendship Love; tho' some will not allow a great *Friendship* and violent Love can subsist together in one Heart. when One has *Friendship* for an agreeable Lover, it wants but little of being Love.

Friendship and love do sometimes resemble, but when that happens, the *Friendship* is very tender, or the Love not very great; but I hold one

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may

may love with such a tender Amity, as may be a *Medium* between Love and Common Friendship.

There are some Friends to whom one would commit things of Importance and not Trifles; and there are some to whom one would tell Trifles but nothing of Concern; and Love is a great Affair, and not to be entrusted to every Friend. One is never secure, if our Friend be not so Exact that he will never tell our Secrets.

Pythagoras composed many Excellent Verses in praise of Heroick Friendship; he Establish't a Community among his Disciples, for he Confidently Maintain'd there ought to be no distinct Interest among Friends; if there be, 'tis only Society, not Friendship.

Sublime Heroick Friendship is as difficult to find as Constant Love, and as hard to be cultivated: the slight Friend-

Of Friendship.

II

Friendships of the world are more Convenient, though not so Noble, Excellent and solid ; but then it never gives us much trouble, nor makes us partake of the Misfortunes of our Friends ; we are not much concern'd at the Injuries they suffer, but take all the flowers of Friendship, and leave the thorns to those sincere and Generous *Friends*, that resent all their sorrows without Exception, Engage in all their Interests, and maintain 'em courageously against all the World ; who have no different Fortunes, but equal concern in the Honour of each other ; who cannot be poor while one is Rich, nor in Health if their Friend be sick. 'Tis not Every body is capable of this, and tho' they wish it, they cannot attain to it ; therefore, for fear of the like, I'm content to love according to the Mode.

Of Love.

I conclude this Subject with the Saying of the Spaniard.

————— *Grudge not to lend,
Thy Heart, thy Hand, thy Fortune to thy Friend.*

Of Love.

Some affirm Tenderneſs a Quality more neceſſary for Love than Freindſhip. 'tis true that Affection produced by the help of Reaſon, and which is conducted and govern'd by it, may produce the Effects of Tenderneſs ; but Love which is commonly inconfiſtent with Reaſon, or at leaſt never Subject to it, it hath need of Tenderneſs to correct its Stupidity and Inconſiderateness. In Effect, Love without Tenderneſs has none but impetuous Deſires which cannot be confin'd ; Such Lovers conſider only their own Satisfaction without any regard to the Honour of the

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the Party beloved: Whereas true Tenderness takes more care of the interest, credit and honour of the beloved Object, than of its own.

Almost all *Lovers* in general endeavour only to please themselves without any Reservation, and have the Impudence in a rude, uncivil way to ask the greatest favours as if they were due to them. These free *Lovers* which are Enemies of Tenderness and laugh it to scorn, are commonly Insolent and full of Vanity, easy to Anger, difficult to appease, Indiscreet when Favour'd insupportable when ill treated; they fancy the greatest mark of *Love* they can give, is always to wish to be made happy; they value not, or at least are not contented with favourable Looks, obliging words, and all those little things which so transport those that have tender souls; they
are

are *Lovers* that read their Mistresses Letters but once over, nor have they any joyfull Emotion when they receive 'Em; they know not how to rave, speak idly, nor sigh agreeably, and are ignorant of a certain pleasing Melancholy which proceeds from the tenderness of an Amorous Heart, and is often more agreeable than any other Delight: These noisy *Lovers* make all the proof of *Love* consist in profuse Expences, and are insensible of all the Delicacy's and inward Delights of it. This sort of Passion inspires a Brutal Jealousy, and contrary to that of a *Lover*, without a generous tender Heart, they not only hate the *Lover* but their Mistress too, but the other so respect their Mistresses that they often restrain their anger, against their Rival fearing to displease them.

To

To love well, a *Lover* must have a natural Tenderness before he *Loves*, but this rarely happens; with most, a Delicate Sensibility gives all the Punishments and Pleasures of *Love*: That *Love* is most perfect that has least of Self-interest in it, when *Love* is weaker than Reason, 'tis no perfect *Love*. 'Tis not to be wondred if the *Love* of a man of higher Condition than the person loved continue, to that Degree, that it obliges him to marry her, for Hope Enlivens and Augments the Flame, so that he wants nothing whence he may derive a full confidence of his Happiness if himself pleases; They are not the *Lovers* they would appear to be who can forbear possessing what they love out of a consideration of Interest. I am one that believes that *Love* which Grows with out hopes, Subsists without

out it, and meets with nothing but invincible Obstacles, is more Obliging than that which cannot but hope tho' it would not. But I am of the Opinion that what Hope do's in the hearts of these *Lovers*, Glory effects in the other, and that there is a secret Satisfaction in *Loving* a Person of great Quality that has Beauty, Wit and Virtue.

It were Madness to think one's self obliged to *love* any Body that *loves* us: Merit and Services are little consider'd unless our Acceptance sets a Value upon them, which is best, to have Merit without *Love*, or *Love* without Merit? Fine Qualities are desirable, chiefly because they make us *loved*: Since therefore their End is to please, he that happens to please without Merit, is more happy than he that hath it, yet cannot please those whom he wishes to please;

But

But one can't help being fill'd with a troublesome Indignation to see Merit Neglected.

'Tis no great Difficulty to dissemble *love*; and when one finds a Lady that is merry, of a easy Humour and gay Spirit, 'tis a Diversion to give her a voluntary *love* which you may leave when you please, and which for the present gives you some delight; while this lasts, one may accustom one self to speak to Her more than to Another; I look on her; I praise her; I sigh artificially: sing light airs, which she takes to her self; express my self in Amorous Verses, Languishing Looks, and absolutely pretend to *love* her; If this pleases, she is more free and Obliging than he; she hopes all things, and feels, I know not what, which he calls *love*. In this slight imaginary *love* 'tis not like others, where *love* fore-runs

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Hope,

Hope, but in this, Hope precedes *Love*. 'Tis Necessary she be not so very Complaisant and of too easie a Carriage; but, choose one neither too severe nor too easy; who has no particular Gallant, yet affects Gallantry; fair and young without Capriciousness: These Demy-Mistresses you may *love* without despair; Leave when you please, and pass your time pleasantly enough.

If one pleases to observe, one may make pleasant Discoveries: when one sees a Man of Sense visit a simple Woman, one may imagine she hath an agreeable Kinswoman or Acquaintance; and on the other hand, if one sees a Woman of Wit frequent the Company of a foolish Fellow, I conclude he is her Cully one way or other; or if she seem to like one whom 'tis impossible she should like in Justice or Interest, I conclude 'tis only

a shadow, under which she may see him whom she really *Loves*, but after all, Appearances are deceitful.

When one entertains a Passion, One is very apt to flatter ones self, tho' there be a great disproportion between ones self and the Person one *loves*; so that if he have not a real Hope, he has something that's like it that bears him up and comforts him. I'll not be positive but there may be a *Lover* that can Hope nothing; if so, nothing can be more obliging than this sort of *Love*; yet I am fully perswaded no Woman can ever be obliged to a *Lover* for his *Love*; for 'tis certain, when a Man happens to be in *love*, 'tis because he cannot avoid it; One may *Love* without hope of being favour'd, though not without Hope of being *loved*.

One that Courts a melancholy Mistress must be very Cautious in the man-

ner of telling his Love; he must pay both great and small Services, be full of Sweetness, Tenderness and Affiduity, and among all these, a little Ingredient of Despair; and if one must *endure* so much, 'tis better not to be lov'd. If a merry Mistress be angry, she is pacified with a *Serenade*; all *Quarrels* are but *trifles* which are reconcil'd at the next Treat or Diversion; if they do not love so zealously, neither do they expect so much Love, but give as much liberty as they take; they require nothing but what is agreeable in itself; they will walk with you, laugh with you, sing and dance with you; and to do all this for the love of them; certainly is not very difficult; And is it not better to serve these than those that are full of Morals and the Politicks of Law? And who exact solid Tears instead of Pleasures? A man, if
he

he would overcome such a One, must mix with his Love the Glory to have it fervent, and must have an Amorous kind of Ambition, to redouble the Violence of that Passion: for 'tis a pleasure after having been long a slave to a Mistress to be at last a Conquerour, and to Vanquish that Heart that seem's Invincible.

I know not which is worse, to be Wise to a Man that is continually changing his Loves, or to an Husband that hath but one Mistress whom he loves with a constant Passion; and if you keep some measure of Civility to her, he will at least esteeme you: But he of the roving Humor plays an hundred Frolicks that divert the Town and perplex his Wife. She often meets with her Husbands Mistress, and is at a loss how to carry her self towards her. 'Tis true, the constant man is ready to sacrifice every moment his whole

whole Family to his Love; He hates any place where she is not, is prodigal in what concerns his Love, covetous in other respects; Expects you should be blind to all he doth, and tho' you can't but see, yet must not dare to complain; and tho' both he that lends his Heart to whosoever pleases it, and he that gives it entirely to One, do both of them require the exactest Devoir from their Wives; yet I know not if it be not better to be Wife to an unconstant Husband (provided he be something Discreet) than to a constant Fellow who is always perplexing her with his inconstant Humour. For the Unconstant Lovers are commonly the best humour'd; but let them be what they will, Women ought not to be unfaithful for Virtue's sake and their own, nor to offend by Example. It is one of the best bonds of Cha-
rity

riety and Obedience in the Wife; if she think her Husband Wise; which she will never do if she find him Jealous.

Wives are young Mens Mistresses, *Ed. Bacon*
Companions for middle-Age and old mens Nurses.

When I speak of Love, I do not mean those trifling Loves which do not deserve the name they bear; when a man gives himself to Mirth and has no other design but Diversion; I speak of an unusual Love, that is ardent and sincere, grounded on Esteem and Virtue, and when once they have exchanged Hearts, their Desires are the same, and likely so to continue. Ingratitude after this Dearness is the most detestable Ingratitude, to one who gives all when they give their hearts. If they love thus; there wants nothing but Occasion, and that depends on Fortune.

If

If any persons of Wit be either merry or sad without Cause, 'tis a sign they are in Love.

A little love is pleasant, too much is troublesome.

To know all the delights of love, one must know all the bitters of it; and he that cannot make great Afflictions out of trivial Matters, shall ne're take great delight in great Favours; but if one will be happy in love he must fancy to himself great Pleasure from slight Favours; the very sight of the place where his Mistress has been, must fill his heart with Joy, but such a joy as must at once both grieve and rejoyce him; for in Love, Contraries often meet.

Nothing is more difficult than to reconcile *Fear* and *Love*, and 'tis a great Master-piece to make ones self beloved by those that fear us. Those transitory Loves
which

which succeeded one another do not deserve the name of Love ; some think if they have a sincere constant passion for One, that they are not Inconstant if now and then they make some transitory Gallantrys , provided that one be chief Mistress, and they ready, when she pleases, to sacrifice them all to her. But this is very Unjust ; for they would have an Entire heart, and are Jealous but of a kind Look to another, though they take the liberty to share themselves to every Woman they like in the World. But we often see, those we confide in most, deceive us most ; and therefore we ought not to put on an entire confidence in any.

Nuptial Love maketh Man kind : *Ed: Bacon*
friendly Love perfecteth it ; but wanton Love corrupteth it.

It is a true Rule, that love is ever rewarded either with its Reciprocal,

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or

or with an inward and secret Contentment.

A man serves his Prince, but gives himself to his Mistress, and she her self to her Lover. 'Tis only Love alone that unites Hearts, tho' Friendship also boasts to have that power: Two dear Friends may each have a Mistress that shall somewhat divide them, at least render their Friendship less considerable; but if Love unites two Persons that have tender Breasts and intelligent Minds, I desire Friendship to divide 'em.

Of Gratitude.

TIS a *Question*, if Benefits oftner produce Friendship, than Friendship it self or great Deserts without Benefits: I think Benefits seldom produce Friendship; for they are as apt to wear out of the mind as Grief, from which every
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them, 'tis enough to have a Compassion and Pity for them.

Ingratitude is the worst Vice, and most opposite to Nature and Equity. 'tis hardly known among Brutes, for Benefits and Kindness have mollified Lions; Only Men are capable of Ingratitude. This Vice is directly opposite to Justice; it overthrows all laws of Society, which to reasonable People ought to be a continual Armory of good Offices. The Laws of Humanity bid us do good to whomsoever stands in need of it: Is it not most just that we acknowledge from whom we receive a Benefit? But there are such ill Tempers in the World, that when they have been very much oblig'd, they decline to own to whom they are obliged, and at length cannot endure 'em; and some are of that odd humour, they will not make the least return.

return to those that have done all things for them, yet render considerable to such as never did them the least Courtesie; they are of the Humour of those who had rather make Presents, than pay Debts. But the best is, all the World ~~explains~~ *claims* against this Vice, and there is no Ungrateful Person but decry's Ingratitude.

Common Benefits are to be communicated to all, but particular ones with Choice: To be thankful for small Benefits, shews we value Mens Minds, not their Trash.

'Tis strange this Vice of Ingratitude, void of all pleasure, should be so General; He that usurps the Good, of another, enriches himself by it; A detracter hath the pleasure of being easily beleived; A vindicative Person has the Content of being revenged of his Enemy; but an

un-

ungrateful Man has the constant Displeasure of being stung with Shame and Remorse whenever he thinks what has been done for him ; but those who arrive at the highest pitch of Ingratitude, never think of what has been done for them ; but if he doth not think at all, there is still no Pleasure in not thinking of it. 'Tis a Question which is the worst Ingratitude, that of a King or his People, Master or Servant ; and among Friends, that of Fathers or Children, Husbands or Wives, a Lover or his Mistress ? There are several Degrees of it, and I think one may be positive there is no Equality under the Sun. They may be divided into three Orders, *viz.* in point of Duty, Friendship and Love, there are Laws which direct Kings to Govern, and People to obey ; but none to teach Gratitude in Love ; the Morality

ty of Love is no where to be found but in Sonnets; Love being usually nothing but a piece of Gallantry diverting the World with pleasant Songs and Verses. This is a slighter Ingratitude much than in Friendship. The Ingratitude of Friends causes Hatred, and divides Families; that of bad Kings causes a thousand Injustices, that of Subjects sedition, Revolts and continual Wars; that of Husbands and Wives, criminal Loves and tragical Deeds; therefore Ingratitude in Duty is most Dangerous. An ungrateful Friend can never be a truly worthy Man, but one that is Ungrateful in Duty, may; for Fortune justifies many things. Ingratitude in Friendship is yet more detestable, for Kings do not choose their Subjects. Nor People their Kings often; the same may be applied to Fathers and Children; and
even

even as to Husbands and Wives, Interest makes more Marriages than Love or Choice: So that if there be a defect in their Duty, tho' they are to blame, yet 'tis the less, because not loving at all, they lessen the Obligation; and fancying their Duty less, no wonder if they easily dispense with part of what they owe; and this is to be said for e'm, That since they cannot love whom they please, they cannot be oblig'd in spite of Inclination. But our Friends we choose, we are Voluntarily oblig'd to them; We are not constrain'd to love 'em by any Laws, or any disorder'd Passion, but by consequence Nature, Justice, Reason, Virtue and Honour, Exact of us a correspondent Return of Good Offices, and tho' we want the power, we ought never to forget it, but publish and own it with pleasure.

What

What confidence can there be put in a Man who is failing to his Friend? The Ungrateful Man ruins his Reputation in the World, and insensibly mischiefs Himself more than others. 'Tis possible he that's ungrateful to his Prince, may be Grateful to his Friend, Mistress or Relation, but an Ungrateful Friend is capable of any Ingratitude: For if one receive a Benefit from an Enemy, if he be so noble and Generous as to confer it, one is oblig'd to acknowledge it as much as to a Friend; and I know not if one is not oblig'd to *Gratitude*, tho' one refuses the services they would do one.

Ingratitude is so common in the Minds of People, that from the King to a Slave, every one hath met with *Ingratitude*. If a Prince be Just and Good, the People think he ought to be so, and there-

therefore they are not oblig'd to him for it. Kings, because above Masters, think they owe no reward to their Faithful Subjects, and that Tyranny is a right of Sovereignty. 'Tis the same in Republicks; for they imagine those that obey can never do it blindly enough, and never trouble themselves with acknowledgments. Masters believe their Slaves born to do them service without Reward, and they on the other side think that their least service ought not to be unrewarded by their Masters; If we oblige a Friend, he thinks it an obligation of Friendship, and at best, but slightly esteems it: A Father because he has given Life to his Child, thinks he ought to be as much in Subjection as when he was an Infant, and gives him no thanks for all his *Endeavours* to please him; The Children know their Birth
is

is not the greatest Obligation, but repine for the Life they gave, if they do not all for them that they think they are able. Husbands whose Authority, is Establish'd by Force and Custom think their Wives happy in Obeying them, and give them no thanks for all their Complacency; and Wives that have either Beauty or Virtue, imagine their Husbands too happy in having married them; If Fair, they're impertinent, if Wise, Insolent. And a Lover is always charging his Mistress with *Ingratitude*, and tho' he should receive a thousand Favours, would yet make a thousand Repinings; If at any time he has a less favourable Look than usual, he murmurs, threatens to change his Love; and at length becomes *ungrateful*.

There would be much less *Ingratitude*

in the World, were there less sloth, for commonly the supine negligent Persons are the most *ungrateful*, who would willingly be oblig'd to all the World without obliging any. There are some Women who value no service that is done 'em, can forget a thousand considerable good services, without ever thinking of a Return; but because they are Fair and love their Beauty above all things, never forget one Flattery, but will *Love* them best that deceive them most. But 'tis difficult to Examine all the different *Ingratitudes* the World is full of, they are so Various.

'T would be a cruel thing to be oblig'd to make returns to all that pretend to love one, or else be counted *ungrateful*, Impossibility sets bounds to all things. We should not be truly *Grateful* if we were so with Injustice. We ought not
to

to injure one Friend to oblige another ;
And when 'tis said we ought to acknow-
ledge all Good Offices, 'tis meant so as
we may with Reason.

Of Death.

THE very thoughts of *Death* di-
sturbs ones Reason ; and tho' a
Man may have many Excellent Qua-
lities, yet he may have the Weakness of
not Commanding his Sentiments. This
is certain, Nothing is worse for ones
health than to be in fear of *Death*. There
are some so Wise as neither to hate nor
fear it ; But for my part, I have an A-
version for it and with Reason ; for
'tis a rash inconsiderate thing, that al-
ways comes before it's look't for ; always
comes unseasonably, disturbs all the
pleasures of Life, parts *Friends*, and has
respect to nothing, ruins Beauty, laughs
at

Youth, draws a dark Veil over all the pleasures of Life, and is Inflexible. But this may be said for it, it Equals all men, cures all Desires, ends all Misfortunes, satisfies Ambition, determines love of Hatred, opens the gate to Good Fame, and extinguishes Envy; and this dreadful Evil is but the Evil of a Moment, and what we cannot by any means avoid: And 'tis That that makes it so terrible to me, for were it uncertain, Hope might diminish some part of the Fear; but when I think I must die, and that I may die every moment, and that too a thousand several ways, I'm in such a Fright, as you cannot imagine. I see dangers where perhaps there never was any. I'm perswaded 'tis happy to be somewhat dull of apprehension in this Case, and yet the best way to cure the penitentials of the Thoughts of *Death* bring

bring, is to think of it as little as possible. When against my will I hear of the *Death* of any One, I sift a cause as far as I can from being applicable to my self: For they who search so deep in the bottom of things are never at quiet, Some are so inclin'd to fear that tho' they are neither on Sea, River or Creek, but in good Health in their Chamber, yet are they so well instructed with the fear of Dying, that they do not Measure it only by the present dangers that wait on us. Some cannot Enjoy themselves in the pleasantest place and Company in the World. If it *Thunders*; Fear all that may happen; fear the Earth may chance to shake as well in *England* as in the *Indies*: 'Tis true, all these Fears amount to Nothing; If the Earth must, it will shake, whether we will or no, If a Thunderbolt must fall, it will, and as likely in the place where

Of Death.

where you seek Refuge, as in any other; Then, is it not best to submit to God? But some People cannot do it as they would, and tho' they are not destitute of Reason, but percieve they are to blame, yet even at the same time that their Reason Condemns them; their Imagination makes their Hearts feel what it pleases. The best way to prevent our Fears when we come to die, is our living Holy and Innocent Lives: so making it the business of our whole life to prepare for *Death*. And truly to consider aright, One ought to think of *Death* as an Occasion of being Frightned from Sin, and since I must infallibly see him one day, 'tis best not to be so great a stranger to him.

Bish. Hall:

Our Saviour hath perfum'd and softned the Bed of our Grave by his own Dying and being Buried: And how

can

can it grieve us to tread in his steps to
Glory?

To have *Death* easie, think of that
Glorious Life that follows it; We can
endure Pain for Health, much more
for Glory; How many Crowns and Sce-
pters lie piled up at the Gate of *Death*?
Have we so often seen our selves *die* in
our *Friends*, and should we shrink at
our own Change? Hath our Maker
and Redeemer sent for us, and are we
loth to go, who will put us in possession
of a Glorious Inheritance? 'Twas for Us
Our Saviour triumph'd over *Death*: Is
there any fear of a foiled Adversary?
He that lives Christianly, *dies* boldly;
He that lives miserably *dies* willingly;
He that knows *Death*, and foresees Glo-
ry, *dies* Chearfully and Triumphantly.

Of Speech.

Some persons will speak so much that one cannot interpose a Word, and others are so silent that one is almost obliged to speak continually; So that I know not which is worst and ^{most} insupportable One who always speaks, or one who must always be spoke to.

He that talks ^{all} what he knows will also talk what he knows not; Some can talk of nothing but what is past, others, *2d: Bacon* of nothing but the present. It adds no small Reverence to Men's Manners and Actions if they be not altogether open: No man can be secret, except he give himself a little scope of Dissimulation, which is the Skirt or Train of Secrecy.

Fluent and Luxurious *Speech* may become Youth well, but not Age.

Some

Some think that to speak well, one should Chuse only select Words, but 'tis certainly best to speak easie and Natural, but we are to avoid an affected Negligence; One ought not to affect *hard words*, but whosoever speaks, should make himself Intelligible.

The Honourable part of *Speech* is to give the Occasion; again to moderate and pass to something else, for then that leads the Dance; 'tis also Good in Discourse and Conversation to vary and intermix *Speech* of the present Occasion with Arguments; Tales with Reason; Asking of Questions with telling Opinions; He that hath a Satyrical Vem, as he makes others afraid of his Wit, so he has need to be afraid of others Memory.

There are those whose Thoughts come near the understanding of Mat-

ters, but their Words do so intricate their Conceptions, that one cannot understand what they would be at; and there are others that do not understand themselves, so that they are not only to seek for their Words but their Apprehensions too. The first are ambiguous in their Discourse, because they choose not fit Words to express their Sentiments, the other, their Thoughts being confus'd, there are no Words to fit 'em. *Speech* of a Man's self ought to be seldom and well chosen; *Speech* that touches towards others should be sparingly us'd; for Discourse ought to be a Field, without coming home to any particular Man.

It often happens that Men of good Sense *speak* little; but seldom that a great Talker has a clear Judgment, yet it is seldom that those who are Masters of Wit do

do almost wholly decline *speaking*, but 'tis often that persons of much Wit are too talkative; for Wit is a Fire that will discover it self, and tho' several Extraordinary Men have affected to *speake* little, yet they have made themselves known by their Writings or Actions Wit can't, be conceal'd: There are great Poets, great Princes, great Philosophers that have been very sparing of their *Speech*, but their Works *speake* for 'em, and prove their silence proceeded not from Stupidity. But it is not the same with those people whose Wit is at their Tongues end, but their Actions are dumb. One may have Judgment, and *speake* much, but those that *speake* too much have none. For tho' there seem little difference between one that *speaks* very much and one that *speaks* too much; yet it is as Liberality and Prodigality,

digality, the one a Virtue, the other a Vice. Yet some that *speake* well may *speake* too much, and by an over-forwardness to shew their Parts and their Judgment, interrupt every one, and snatch all opportunities to *speake*: But when a man loves to *speake* because Nature has given him an easie Expression, a capacious Mind, a quick Fancy, a Memory stored with choice and Rational Notions; when his Judgment is Master of his Wit and Fancy, and his Conversation perfectly suited to the Genius of the World, such a one may *speake* much with boldness, tho' I believe, he is also able to hold his peace, and will give Liberty of *Speech* to those that desire it.

To *speake* well; 'tis requisite to have a great deal of Wit, and a sufficient, and Excellent Judgment; Some who do not

not talk much, do listen with such ingenious Attention, that 'tis plain they understand what Wit is, and have a great deal themselves.

To *Speak* first, sometimes prevents the trouble of answering to others Impertinent Questions. Some *Speak* what they ought not to think. 'Tis a great Master-piece to *Speak* well of all things without affecting Knowledge, to have a modest, prudent compliance in Discourse, as well as a real Goodness in all our Actions. They that have these commendable Qualities, beget a Love of Virtue in all that are Capable of it. 'Tis pleasant after long silence to relieve ones self with *speaking* : and 'tis well when peoples Actions *Speak* more than their Words.

There are some Compliant People more troublesome than those that Dispute all things ; they Grant all one would

would have, say all one says, know no Opinion but what you put into their Heads; never say No, Always say Yes, Contradict themselves as much as you please, and by a base Unworthy Compliance destroy conversation every moment. One knows not what to say to 'em, one can make no Sport unless it be with 'em: Compliance is a good Quality, confin'd in its Limits, and Guided by Judgment, otherwise 'tis as subject to Vice as Virtue. Discretion in *Speech* is more than Eloquence, and to *Speak* agreeably, than to *Speak* in good words or in good order: To use many Circumstances before one comes to the Matter, is troublesome and wearysome, to use None is blunt.

'Tis not every one has the priviledge of *Speaking* displeasing Truths without offence, 'tis but few can do this; and should they pretend to imitate, they
would

would be unsufferable. 'Tis different to jest with ones Friend, which may be freely done without displeasing them. 'Tis not enough to *speake* plainly and reasonably, but one must know well the Humour of those to whom one would *speake* freely: several love to give, but not to take Jest: Sometimes one bitter word makes the most pleasant Raillery bite, nay the Tone of the Voice, or but a malicious Smile turns the most innocent Jest into a Satyr: Nothing requires more Judgment than to railly inoffensively and to make this innocent War as it ought, which makes Conversation pleasant when it ends without displeasure. Nothing can be more disagreeable than not to be believed when one *speaks* Truth. 'Tis well when peoples Actions *speake* more Morality than their Words.

H

Of

Ed. Bacon: **A** Man that *Lyeth* is an Hector towards God, and a Coward towards Men; for a *Lye* faces God, and shrinks from Men. No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the advantage-
 -ous. Ground of Truth; an Hill not to be commanded, and where the Air is, always clear and serene. A *Lye* serves for Disimulation, for Perfidiousness, and almost all Crimes. To *Lye* for nothing is foolish, and to *Lye* for Interest is a great Fault. There is nothing so contrary to the Godhead as *Lying*, for Truth is his inseparable Attribute.

The search of Truth is the Design of all Men, but especially of the Wise. Of *Lyes* some sorts are to be condemn'd, and some may be pardon'd; a great or a little *Lye* to any ones Prejudice ought
 to

to be avoided: For since Justice and Generosity forbids Men to speak even Reflecting Truth, much more injurious Lyes. There are officious Lyes to the benefit of our Friends, which may be Excusable on some Occasions: If a *Lye* injures no body but do's good to some body, it may be thought inoffensive, however 'tis injurious to the Relator, though to none else, because it renders him less innocent: If I would *Lye* in behalf of another, certainly I would for my self.

There are Lying-looks as well as Lying-words; dissembling Smiles, deceiving Signs, and even a Lying-silence: There are Lying-Civilities, and Lying-Courtesies; for people sometimes oblige those whom they hate; some because they need them, and others out of Fear and Weakness: sometimes they

appear glad to see those they Extreemly dislike : Thus do's Dissimulation and Lying confound each other.

Though all Complements are Lyes, yet because they are known to be such, no body depends on 'em ; so there is no hurt in 'em, you return them in the same manner you receive 'em, and without scruple conform to 'em, yet 'tis best to make as few as one can.

As for a pleasant Relation, one may venture to add a little to History ; for Truth, for the most part, has somewhat too serious, and is not so diverting as Fiction ; and since 'tis no more believ'd than Complement, one is left to ones Liberty.

There are no Lyes innocent, but such as are Related for Lyes : yet it ought to appear profitable ; for a meer Lye is Ridiculous. There is a sort of Lying
pro-

duced by Vanity, and these people are diverting enough; they are such as commend themselves, each according to his Fancy. There are Hectors that tell long Tales of dangerous Enterprizes, where they never were, out of a Violent desire that the World may have a better Opinion of 'em than they deserve. There are foolish Fellows that spend whole Nights in devising Adventures, and whole Days in telling 'em; pretending to Fortunes they never had; Some of mean Birth pretending to be a Noble Family that came in with *William* the Conquerour; some would seem sick, and think to hide Poverty with Lyes; and some Lyars are so Extravagant, that after they have been puzzled by some person in Discourse, without knowing what to say, make the handsomest Answer in the world at home, as if they had spoke

spoke them on the place. Some are so foolish to report, that Persons of Quality Visit them, and Write to 'em, who never thought on them.

The Sum of all is, That there are many Fools and Lyars in the World; tho' they that Lye to prejudice others are infinitely worse than those that so commend themselves; but these are so Ridiculous, that I know not if I could not sooner tell a Lye a little Malicious than to commend my self. But these have weak Judgments, and deserve Pity. If Truth could be Establish'd in the World, Conversation would be quite changed, *Lying* would surest argue Weakness; Dissimulation would be base and even Lying-Civilities not free from blame. To lye for ones own Commendation is Ridiculous: Complements are lyes so known, they do no mischief; and

Poets

Poets are the only Lyars that deserve to be commended. Though Lying be a great Fault, 'tis very difficult absolutely to renounce it, or always to speak Truth. And if we well observe, they that Hate it most, do sometimes use it. It has certain little Conveniences very Necessary; We always add a little to a Story to make it more delightful. Who can commend a Woman without speaking more Good of her than she deserves; or speak ill of an Enemy without Aggravating his Faults; or a Lover complain without making his Misery greater than it is? I beg your favour for pleasant Lyes, and a Lye by way of Excuse; or, to save the Life of a Person.

'Tis a shrode *Spanish* Proverb. *Tell a Lye and find a Truth*; Certainly 'tis an Heaven upon Earth to have a Man's Mind

Ed. Bacon

Mind move in Charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of Truth. There are some that are Lyars, and don't know it; since Speech is the great Thing that distinguishes Men from Beasts, how Unworthy are they that falsify it? No Beasts have deceitful Cries, but that Animal bred on the Banks of *Nile*; 'tis only Wicked Man that perverts the use of his Voice.

Truth bears the supream sway in Love and Friendship, and without it the World would be all Confusion; Is there any thing more Odious than the Practices of those great Persons, who with Looks and Words make one hope a thousand things they never mean to perform? Is there any thing more Cruel than to discover that your Friend has deceived you; or Mistress, who swears she loves none but you, and yet loves divers

divers others, or to speak properly, loves none, for a divided Love is no Love.

Sometimes one is apt to accuse another to excuse ones self.

True Lovers need not *Lye* unless in Poetry ; but for the usual Impertinent Lovers, they may speak what they please, for none will believe 'em but easy Women, that deserve to be deceived : Let them feign Sighs and Tears, if they can, Flatter and Lye, pretend Despair and a thousand Counterfeit Loves, they are all but so many Lyes.

Those who do not scruple little Infidelities, have strong Dispositions to greater ones, therefore one ought to accustom ones self to be Exact, even in the smallest things.

Of Idleness.

I Know not which is most Shameful, to be a sluggard for want of Wit or Courage: Some are Idle only because they are Careless; for they have a great deal of Wit, and on some occasions, shew they have Courage, neither can one perceive they have any bad Qualities; These are the most Guilty of all; for why should they be so Unprofitable both to the World and to themselves, to have Wit to no purpose, and such an Indifference, as to concern themselves with nothing; to have neither Love nor Ambition, but be so Negligent, as to be Uncapable of any great Pleasure.

I Know not if it were at all better to addict ones self to what is not very good, than to apply ones self to Nothing: 'tis
cer-

certain, that those whose Minds God has but sparingly Enrich't, are happy when they are assign'd an Unactive Life, and so they are hidden in their own Obscurities; This Deficiency produces the same Effect in them, which Wisdom do's in others, and restrains them from appearing ill to the World.

There is none but Knows there are some that would not be spoken of, if they were not in great Employments, and of whom one hears a thousand Discourses, because they acquit themselves ill of what they rashly Undertake; Promote an Hair-Brain'd Man, or one of a Weak Capacity to the Management of State-Affairs, or a faint-hearted Man to Command in an Army, and you'll find 'tis pity there are no more Idle than there be. Though Idleness be good for nothing, yet it hurts none, it injures

none but themselves; but such as manage Employments they are Unfit for, make great disorders, and 'twere happy, if they did Nothing. Therefore 'tis better to Censure impertinent Busy-Bodies, than those Lazy-Backs, who seek their Ease, and do better in indulging their Quiet, than in being Active; but the worst Idleness is, when they will addict themselves to Nothing, though they are Oblig'd by Necessity to take the Employment which Fortune has given 'em: There are those that in great Employments do only fore-cast how to acquit themselves of it, to Enjoy a Quiet, attended with Pleasure; they are of the humour not to do the things they're oblig'd to, but busy themselves in what they might Dispense with, and perhaps ought to Neglect. When I observe a Grave Fellow, with

a Senator-like Aspect, Ignorant of the Laws of his Country ; but pretending to play the Gallant with a Lady, who laughs at his awkward Courtship ; on the other side, when I see a Man whose Age and Condition qualifies him for a Spark, put on Senatour's Gravity, dive into the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, speak no smaller word than that of *Transmigration*, or *Metempsychosis*, I sigh and cry ; why is not this man Idle ? I am Possess'd with the pleasant'st Indignation in the world, for at the same time I contemn him, I take Pleasure to abuse him : And so to see a Captain know nothing of the Millitary Art, but to understand well that of Courting and Dancing, 'twere better he were ever Idle.

Of

Of the World.

VVE all find fault with the World, when we our selves are part of it, and sometime or other do like all the World, commit faults, and are to blame in some things. One cannot say, such a Wise or Good Man is incapable of Failing; All men are men, and subject to Defects: All the World may be prejudiced; all the World is Crafty, Envious, Slanderous, False, and Weak, and the Greatest *Hero* has at some time of this Life, found a low Vulgar Sentiment in his Heart, which in Prudence he ought to nourish no further than it consists with his Interest, or his Pleasure, or Honour engages him. In Equity we ought to love Men as they love us, and we may Encrease
or

or Diminish it as we see Occasion.

'Tis most certain that Weakness and Uncertainty reigns in the Minds of all Men; and the wiser a Man is, the more he ought to excuse the Follies of the People. The more a Man drinks of the World, the more it intoxicateth. They that regulate their Sentiments by other Men, Oblige the others to follow Their's.

Of Secrecy.

SOME say 'tis more trouble than can be imagin'd to keep Secrecy in Trifles: Serious Secrets that are of Moment, they that have some Sense of Honour, or a little Prudence will not Reveal; but for a Jest, or any other little Deversion, 'tis very difficult not to speak of 'em.

The best Composition and Tempera-
ture,

Of Prosperity and Adversity.

ture, is to have Openness in Fame and Opinion, and Secrecy in Habit.

Of Prosperity and Adversity.

TIs an High Speech of *Seneca*; the Good things that belong to Prosperity are to be wish'd, but the Good things that belong to Adversity are to be Admir'd. It is true Greatness to have in one Person, the Frailty of a Man and the Security of a God, which is an Higher Speech of *Seneca*, too high for an Heathen. The Virtue of Prosperity is Temperance, and the Virtue of Adversity is Fortitude, which in mortals is the most Heroick Virtue.

Bacon: Prosperity is the Blessing of the *Old Testament*, Adversity of the *New*, which carries the Great Benediction, and the clearer Revelation of God's Fa-

vours

vours, and if we listen to *David's Harp*, +
Braver is Affliction of *Job* illustrated
than the Felicity of *Solomon*. Virtue: *Ld. Bacon*
is like precious Odours, most fragrant
when increased and Crush'd. Prosperi-
ty do's best discover Vice; but Adver-
sity do's best discover Virtue. Where
the Evil is derived from a Man's own
fault, there it strikes deadly. Toward
the bearing Evils, a Man can charge no
body but himself; and he that bears
'em with Courage makes 'em the less.

Nothing is Universally allowed to
be a Good but Health. Some Persons
think they are to be pity'd if they do
not laugh from Morning till Night.

Of Children.

CHildren sweeten Labour, but they
make the Misfortune more bitter.
They encrease the Care of Life, but
K they

Ld. Bacon

they mitigate the Remembrance of Death: Parents do best in keeping up their Authority over their Children, but not in keeping altogether their Purles from 'em. There are some that Count their Wife and Children but as Bills of Charges ; again there are some Rich, Foolish, Covetous Men, that take a pride in having no Children, because they may be thought so much the Richer. If one has lost divers Children, 'tis more to him to lose the last than all the rest.

'Tis easy in Infancy to weed out Evil, and plant Good ; but Parents are commonly more concern'd (in those tender years) to bestow Wit than Virtue ; they teach 'em the Art of Writing and Speaking well, but not of Doing well : but believe it, the Manners are the Great concern of the Mind ; and if they
are

are so unhappy as not to have the faculty of Discerning, they'll be subject to strange things.

Of Cowards.

NO People suffer more than Cowards; If they are necessitated to go to a Fight, and desirous to pass for Men of some Courage, 'tis not to be imagin'd what they suffer. Examples encourage 'em not, the Martial sound, and Roaring of Guns half Kills 'em; they are ever prepared for a Retreat, fore-most in Flight, last in Battel, they are rack'd between Fear and Shame, and tho' they should speak like Courageous men, yet they see they are not believ'd, and they are often in Danger of being kick'd even by Cowards.

Of Bad Poets.

Nothing is more worthy of Pity than Bad Poets: tho' they admire all they write, it often happens they perceive themselves to be their only Admirers; If this do's not reclaim 'em, then they are vex'd to live in such an unapprehensive Age, where Men can Judge of Nothing, but according to their own particular Humour and Fancy; this Thought so incenses 'em, that they resolve for despising their Poetry, to scourge 'em with it, and as angry Children, think they are Reveng'd when they hit you with all their Might; so the Poor Poet Fancies, he lashes his Enemies with his Satyr; but when he finds himself deceiv'd, and that what he design'd should fret 'em, on the contrary,

trary, do's only move their Laughter, he hates 'em for that Dulness and Unmannerliness which himself is guilty of, continues doating on his Conceptions all his Life; dies out of Charity with all the World, and so by consequence, is damn'd.

Of Indifferency.

THere is nothing so stupid as that soft *Indifferency*, which makes some people be pleased with all things or nothing; which makes 'em entertain no great desire of Glory, nor great fear of Infamy, neither love much, nor fear much: They follow Customs blindfold, they are only sensible of the Afflictions of the Body, the Mind being wholly Insensible; And if one may so Express it, they are Guilty of a certain

Of Indifferency.

tain Sluggishness of Mind which renders 'em Unworthy of Life. In like manner, I should be more prone to conceive hope of a Man, who in the beginning of his Life should be hurry'd to evil Habit, than of one who fastens upon Nothing; For to one that can Love or Hate immoderately, there needs no more to shew him a rational Object; but on him that is incapable of any violent Attraction, who has only a General *Indifference* for all things, can never any Good be done, and there is no Cure in *Philosophy* for it.

Indifference sometimes proceeds from Lowness of Spirit, incapable of making a Judgment of things, for 'tis natural for a Man to desire that which he believes to be Good; and if *Indifferent* People were able to Judge, they would certainly fasten upon something. 'Tis
certain

certain this lukewarm Temper which sends forth feeble Designs, sends forth feeble Lights, so that, not knowing any thing certainly, they can fasten on nothing with Perseverance.

The Grave *Indifferent* Persons do neither Love nor Hate; they betake themselves to Nothing, they unresolv'd in every thing; ask 'em if they will walk, they know not; they're always in doubt, and endeavour to please or displease 'em, they're little concern'd. An inconstant Man is better than this, for he has always something to do, and tho' he desire nothing Vehemently, and disclaims Obstinacy, yet he is for the time, ever resolv'd in something. But if we observe it, the *Indifferent* and the Inconstant are not very contrary to each other: An Inconstant loves *Indifferently* all the Beauties of the Town, and.

Of Censoriousness.

and 'tis a cold *Indifference* in their Hearts that makes 'em thus *Inconstant* and to love several: They *Glory* in their *Weakness*, and think they cannot be absolute Sparks unless they be fickle; who Loving nothing much, yet spend their life as if they were wholly taken up with Love.

Of Censoriousness.

THere are some so given to *Envy*, *Mischief*, and *Censoriousness*, that they are ever on the Loading part, not so good as the Dogs that lick'd *Lazarus's* Sores, but like *Flyes*, still buzzing upon the thing that is raw; they easily believe all the Good spoken of themselves, and all the Evil spoken of others.

Of

weak in Courage. *Of Revenge.* I to keep

Revenge is a kind of wild Justice, which the more Man's Nature runs to, the more ought Law to weed it out. He that studies Revenge keeps his own Wounds green, which otherwise would heal: If a Man meerly out of ill nature do's wrong, 'tis like the *Thorns* and *Briars* which prick and scratch, because they can do no other.

By taking Revenge a Man is but even with his Enemy, but with passing it over, he is Superiour.

Of Boldness. **T**

Boldness is the Child of Ignorance and Baleness; nevertheless it fastens and binds the Hand and Foot of those that are shallow of Judgment, and

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weak.

Of Youth and Age.

weak in Courage. Boldness is an ill keeper of Promises, and to men of great Judgment, bold Persons are a sport to behold: Nay Boldness is ever blind, not seeing Dangers and ill conveniences; And therefore 'tis ill in Council, and good in Execution.

Ed: Bacon: Deformed persons are extreemly Bold, being first in their own defects, exposed to Scorn, and in process of time, that produces an Habit of Confidence, which at last ends in Boldness and Impudence,

Of Youth and Age.

THE Inventions of Young Men are more lively than Old; Imaginations stream into their Minds better. Heat and Veracity in Age is an Excellent Composition. For Business, Young Men are fitter to invent than Judge,

Judge, fitter for Execution than for
Council, fitter for new Frolicks than
solid Business: The Errors of Young
Men are the ruin of Business, like an
unruly Horse that will neither stop nor
turn. Men of Age on the contrary ob-
ject too much, consult too long, adven-
ture too little, Repent too soon, seldom
drive Business home to the full period.

Young Men may be Learners while: *D: Bacon:*
Old Men are Actors: Authority fol-
lows Old Men, favour and Popularity
Youth.

Of Custom.

Custom is every where Visible, so
that we may well wonder to hear
Men profess, protest, engage, give
great Words, and then do just as they
have done before, as if they were dead
Images, and Engines mov'd only by

the wheel of Custom: Therefore we ought by all means Endeavour to obtain good Customs which may regulate Company, raise Emulation and quicken Glory.

The greatest Multiplication of Virtues upon Human Nature resteth upon Society, well order'd and Discipline.

Of Charity.

THe desire of Power in excess, caused the Angels to fall, the desire of Knowledge in excess, caused Man to fall, but in Charity there's no excess; neither can Angels or Men come in danger by it. If a Man be Gracious and Courteous to strangers, he is a Citizen of the World; if he be compassionate towards the Afflictions of others, If shews his heart to be like the Noble Tree, that is wounded it self, when it gives the Balm.

Balm; If he easily pardons and remits Offences, it shews his mind is raised above Injuries, so that he cannot be shot against. Good Thoughts (however God may accept 'em) yet towards men they are no better than good Dreams; except they be put in Act. Never defer Charity till Death, he that doth so, is rather liberal of other Men's substance than his own.

Of Reading.

Readings serves for Delight, for Ornament, and for Ability; it perfects nature, and is perfected by experience; the Crafty contemn it, the Simple admire it, and Wise Men use it. Some Books are to be tasted or swallow'd, and some few to be chewed and digested. Reading makes a full man, Conference a Ready man, and Writing an

an exact Man; He that writes little, needs a great Memory, he that confers little, a present Wit; and he that Reads little, needs much Cunning to make him seem

Ed: Bacon to know that which he do's not. *Histo-*
ry makes Men Wise, *Poetry* witty,
Mathematicks subtle, *Philosophy* deep,
Morals grave, *Logick* and *Rhetorick*, a-
 ble to Contend; nay, there is no Impe-
 diment in the Wit but may be wrought
 out by fit Study, where every defect of
 the Mind hath its proper Receipt.
 Those that have excellent faculty of u-
 sing all they know, can never know too
 much.

Of Beauty.

THE best thing to illustrate Beauty
 is Virtue. The principal part of
 Beauty is Defect and Gracious Motions.
 Also that is the best part of Beauty
 which

Of Flattery.

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which a Painter cannot express. Beauty is a Summer Fruit, easy to corrupt, and cannot last; for the most part, it makes a Dissolute Youth, and Age a little out of Countenance; but where it lights well, it makes Virtue shine and Vice blush.

Of Flattery.

AN Impudent Flatterer will praise him most, who is most Conscious of his own Defects; That wherein he is most wanting, will he most entitle him to; that for which he is most out of Countenance, will a Flatterer not excuse only, but justify as Brave and Heroick. Some are praised maliciously to their Heart, to stir Envy and Jealousy towards em. Princes Love Flatterers, but are not over liberal in rewarding em. For People of worth, tis not necessary.

sary to fetch praises from their Predecessors, 'tis enough to speak of their own particular Merit. Nothing is less pleasing than those sycophant Praises, that have been used to People who deserve Blame. Not but that 'tis good to excuse the defects of others, but some do not deserve it.

Of Riches.

Riches are the Baggage of Virtue; as the Baggage is to an Army, so Riches are to Virtue, spared or left behind hinders the March. Of great Riches there is no real Use, except it be in Distribution, the rest is but Conceit: 'Tis certain great Riches have sold more men than they have bought (excepting *Purgatory*). Seek such Riches as we may get Justly, Use soberly, distribute chearfully, and leave contentedly.

tedly. When Riches come by the Devil, by Fraud and Oppression and unjust means, they come upon speed, as *Solomon* says, such make haste to be Rich, but they shall never be Innocent.

Of Honour and High Places.

HONOUR hath three things in it, the Advantage-ground to do good, the Approach to Kings and principal Persons, and the Raising of a Man's Fortune. The greatest Honour is that which happens rarely, even such as sacrifice themselves to Death or Danger, for the good of their Country. Discreet followers and Servants help much to Reputation. The lowest Virtues draw praise from the Common People, the middle Virtues work in 'em Admiration, but of the highest Virtues they have no sense at all. Fame is like a Ri-

ver, bears all things light, and draws things weighty. To praise a Man's self cannot be decent except in rare Cases; but to praise ones Office or Profession may be done with a good Grace and

D. Bacon with a kind of *Magnanimity*. Envy is the Canker of Honour. Great Persons had need to borrow other Mens Opinions to think themselves Happy; They are the first to find their own Grief, tho' the last to find their own Faults.

We may observe the Deep, Sober, and Politick Persons, in their posts of Greatness, bemoan themselves to abate the edge of Envy. Men in great Fortunes are strangers to themselves while they are in the bustle of Business, having no time to tend their health either of Body or Mind. Men in great Places are thrice Servants; Servants of their Sovereign or State; Servants of Fame,

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Servants of Business. It is strange to see how men in great Places seek Poverty ^{wee} and lose Liberty; seek Power over others, and lose the Power over their own selves. Happy are they, who in great Employments retain the Virtues of their private Condition; in their desires to do what they ought to themselves, are just to other People

Of Pleasure.

ONE cannot live without Pleasure, and those who seem never to enjoy any, but are naturally sober and Grave, find delight in their own Melancholy. The Pleasure one finds in ones self, is the Melancholiest Pleasure, tho' perhaps the most solid. Solidity is not requir'd in Pleasures, 'tis enough if they be pleasing and sprightly; if they dazzle our Reason and follow one

another, if they be full of Variety, and deceive, and amuse us agreeably. All men desire Good, but know not what it is. Nothing is so great an Antidote to Sorrow as Natural Mirth. 'Tis a Pleasure to some to divert themselves with other Mens Follies.

Of Suspicion.

Suspicion Clouds the Mind, loves Friends, checks Business, that it cannot go on Currently: It disposes Kings to Tyranny, Husbands to Jealousy, Wise Men to Irresolution and Melancholy, which are defects not of the Heart but of the Brain.

Of Excuses.

TIS juster to Excuse the defects that are incident to that Age and Condition men are of, than the contrary:

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One would sooner Excuse a Covetous old Man than a young Miser; and tho' it be great folly to heap up Riches, when we no longer need 'em; yet we see 'tis a defect commonly attends Old Age: Neither ought we to wonder, that an Old Man loves to recount what he has seen in his Youth, and to talk it over and over again, but how Impertinent does it look in a Young Man to be telling long Tales? There are defects that belong to certain Conditions: How is it possible for a Man in publick business never to fail his word? In some places men cannot do what they please, and tho' it appear as tho' they did not well, yet we know not what Circumstances they are under, and therefore should always make reasonable allowances, and not to be rash in our Judgments and Censures.

Miscel-

Miscellanies.

Ld: Bacon **T**IS good to commit the beginning of all great actions to *Argus* with his hundred Eyes, and the end to *Briareus* with his 100 Hands. Cunning is the Wit of Fools, and a Crooked Wisdom; like them, that pack the Cards, but know not how to play 'em.

They that too much reverence Old times are but the Scorn to the new. Hope is one of the best Antidotes against the Poyson of Discontent. Fortune is like the Market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall. Severity breedeth Fear, but Roughness causes Hate. Reproof from Authority ought to be Grave not taunting. A Man that is base and Inquisitive is commonly Envious. Good things never appear in their full Beauty, till they

they turn their backs and are going a way. Unmarried men are the best Friends, best Masters, best Servants, but not always the best Subjects. *Seneca* says well, that Anger is like Ruin which breaks that which it falls upon. A Man that hath no Virtue in himself envieth it in others. A Man's Nature *Ed. Bacon* runs either to Herbs or Weeds, therefore let him seasonably Water the one and Destroy the other.

Curiosity were a Vice in me, who hate to have people prying into my Concerns, Endeavouring to pump me, or importunate to know what I have no mind to tell; therefore how unjust were it in me to tease others after this manner. There's nothing more difficult to find than a Woman Endued with all the Qualifications requisite in a Person of Honour, and which accomplish

an Excellent Woman: The same Temper that gives a great and high Generosity is not always accompany'd with Modesty; that which gives Justice and Constancy in important affairs, seldom consists with that sociable Complaisance and Mildness that belongs to their Sex; that which makes them capable of Great matters, do's not stoop to certain trifles which in decency are almost necessary to Women. One rarely meets with one that has all the Virtues of an Honourable Excellent Woman to deserve all the Praises that can be given severally to both Sexes. To be exact as one ought without constraint or Ceremony is a Commendable Quality. The Eyes often discover either Wit, Wisdom, or Goodness, or what you, please. We often believe what our Fathers believed before us, without searching in-
to

to the Reason of our belief. There are few sublime Wits, that pry into the original of things, or endeavour to make a perfect discovery thereof. From our first use of Reason, 'tis prepossess'd with the sentiments of others, that can't without Violence clear it self from what entangles it; so that men are often deceived in what they think themselves most secure, which has made some turn Scepticks, and to doubt of almost every thing.

Till the days of *Pythagoras*, the most Learned believ'd, the Morning and Evening to be two distinct Stars; and gave them several Names which they still bear; Nevertheless this knowing *Philosopher* discover'd they were the same.

Pythagoras commanded his Disciples to Honour the Gods, and never to ask

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Miscellanies.

any particular thing of them importunately, both because no man knows exactly what is fittest for him, and 'tis a more respectful temper to submit to the orders of Heaven. Few have an Universal knowledge of things so as never to be deceiv'd; a sound Judgment and solid Morality; to have prudence to fore-see the most remote and least probable Events, and constancy to support the greatest and most unexpected Misfortunes. Few are very sensible of the Misfortunes even of those they love, or at most their Regret is seldom of long Continuance. Compassionate Grief is transient, the soonest dispelled with the drawing of the least pleasure, and with nothing sooner than Natural Mirth. There's no Celerity comparable to the Motion of a Bullet in the Air, which flies so swift that it out-runs the Eye.

FINIS.

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